

OCTOBER 16, 1925

The **AMERICAN** **LEGION** *Weekly*



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Here is no talk of saving the world for democracy, of the war to end war. Desertion, crime and fascinating horrors tinge the stories. Women and liquor, petty thefts and big burglaries, murder suffered and inflicted, disguises, evil ingenuity, these are the forces encountered. Criminals, with shoulder straps and without, do their stuff and the Department of Criminal Investigation goes them one better.

One will find these stories readable, as much for the accessories of environment, character, etc., as for the tales themselves. The story, "Secret Soldiers," which

is mainly descriptive, would answer for an introductory tale. When one considers that 10,000 soldiers were A. W. O. L., that opportunities for disguise, for robberies, were unlimited, the amount of offenses is not surprising.

SEVENTEEN TRUE STORIES

An A. W. O. L. is usually the tip, and the D. C. I. gets busy. Clues lead to all sorts of strange ends, the ends to which men will go for money, women and wine. Mostly the stories are about men, wicked and not so wicked, and it is found that "in the best of wars the guardhouse does not always claim its own."

As for women, there's Katie, the Spaniard, who gyps a lieutenant of \$8,000 and stops en route from the country to pick up pictures of her baby and dead husband; and Marcelle of Montparnasse who lures soldiers to their death with her eyes as bright as stars and her brass hand carefully gloved.

This is the gallery of rogues' stories.
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The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



NO, THE cover on this issue is not primarily intended as a reminder of a now almost forgotten song in a now almost forgotten political campaign. True it is that the hound dog did receive a large measure of public appreciation when Champ Clark was contending with Woodrow Wilson for the Presidential nomination at Baltimore thirteen years ago. But long before that the hound dog was helping make American history as the contemporary of Daniel Boone, Davy Crockett and the other conquerors of the wilderness. The cover, therefore, calls attention to an American who has been too little honored for the part he played in making ours a great nation. For, of most honorable foreign ancestry, the hound dog himself is strictly American. His genealogy is given thus in "The American Hunting Dog," by Warren H. Miller: "The coon hound or hound dog started with innumerable hounds brought over by the settlers—French, English and Spanish strains being represented—and from a mixture of them, through a century of training and breeding to high class performers only, came the American coon hound. The French hound is more like him than any other recognizable breed today. Long-eared, rat-tailed, powerful, gifted with an unequalled nose, he became the well-known 'pot-licker' or 'smell dog' of the South. The hound dog was developed as a foxhound and bloodhound cross. He is distinctively ours. He has had as much to do with the development of our country as the pioneer himself."

* * *

How will your post observe Armistice Day this year? It will observe it, of course, but perhaps it wishes it could do it differently and more effectively than in the six other years which have passed since the original Armistice Day of 1918. The Manual of Ceremonies, obtainable through the National Emblem Division, National Headquarters, of The American Legion, Indianapolis, Indiana, at a cost of twenty-five cents a copy, contains a suggested Armistice Day service which has been generally used in previous years by posts in all sections of the country. Now, through the courtesy of Reverend Ralph Stoodly, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, and chaplain of W. R. Knapp Post, posts wishing to conduct an Armistice Day service of a different kind may do so. Chaplain Stoodly originated a pre-

Armistice Day church service while he was chaplain of Green Mountain Post and it has been used effectively by other post chaplains in observing this greatest of all World War anniversaries. He has forwarded a copy of it to the Weekly with this comment: "While the service was designed for use in a non-liturgical church where more or less informality is permissible in the evening service, it would be quite as useful for a post room or armory service, and applicable to any creed."

* * *

CHAPLAIN STOODLY'S Armistice Day service is distinctive in its effective utilization of all the familiar Army bugle calls. A bugler sounds the calls, from reveille to taps, and the chaplain conducting the service interprets each of them. The service is short and it is not unduly "sermony." It is suggested that post chaplains wishing to use the service address a request for a copy of it immediately to the Editors.

* * *

A. R. ZOLLO of Camas, Washington, writes: "I was walking out of the postoffice today, glancing at my fresh copy of the Weekly, when I spotted a friend of mine, a man with whom I often walk home, also looking at a copy of the Weekly. Knowing he is not a service man, I was curious. He told me he subscribed for the Weekly at the request of his daughter who wanted it to help her in her study of civics in the eighth grade at school." Mr. Zollo confirms an impression created by numerous requests for copies of the Weekly for use in preparing debates.

The Weekly would be glad to hear from teachers or pupils who make use of the magazine for supplementary reading.

* * *

AN ARTICLE in a recent issue chronicled the gift of a clubhouse to Jackson Johnson, Jr., Post of St. Louis by the father of the man after whom the post was named and referred to similar gifts which have been numerous. As important and impressive a gift as has yet been made has just been announced. The Ball Brothers, manufacturers of Muncie, Indiana, have presented to The American Legion post of Muncie a property consisting of an entire block, located near the center of the city.

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By FAIRFAX
DOWNEY

Illustrated by
Douglas Grant



The colonel caught on when Reveille got to developing such a blame quick fadeaway

BUGLERS have and always have had a way of not being around when you want 'em and by the same token of being around when you don't want 'em. With the exception of the mighty sounding off that blew down the walls of Jericho—and you must figure it out that there were some husky cymbals players in action there, too—history does not crack them up in more than isolated instances. Take the disastrous rear-guard action which Charlemagne's army fought at Roncesvalles. Roland, the commanding officer, finally had to blow the bugle for help himself and then it was too late. And have you never wondered where the bugler is in that painting, "The Spirit of '76"? A fifer is doing all the windjamming. Maybe somebody—it is to be hoped, the enemy—took a shot at the hapless bugler.

In all fairness to buglers at home and abroad in the late conflict, it is only right to admit that they weren't around because they were sent away. Far away—to practice.

The responsible officer would order them to take their instruments of torture and repair to the most distant stables or the woods or some place and when definitely out of earshot to try for pete's sake to learn to blow something that did not sound like the lamentations of one or more damned souls. One of the several disadvantages of a brand-new army is that it involves a lot of brand-new buglers—more's the pity.

"Little Boy Olive Drab," one told them in effect, "go blow your horn out where the cows issued to us as artillery horses are in the corn or something.

SOUNDING BRASS

Being dumb—oh, so dumb!—animals, they will not be able to object."

So the buglers went there and for a time produced horrible, abortive noises. Then they sat down to rest and that is the way you generally found them.

A hardy officer who was a doughboy and used to long walks actually went out to inspect his bugler in action during the training camp days. The bugler was found characteristically in repose.

"And what might you be doing?" inquired the officer caustically.

"Sir, I'm waiting for more wind," the doubler in brass came back.

They were always waiting for more wind and they couldn't seem to realize that exhaling through a bugle, not inhaling through a cigarette, was the way to get it.

In one of these new divisions which were not quite done by the time of the Armistice was a battery whose captain laid claim to possessing the three worst buglers in the army. A proud boast that and one that would have to be made good against stiff competition, but the captain did get some official corroboration. It was during one of those hikes afoot which are supposed to be so good for the morale of the mounted services. The finishing touch was added when the captain was urged

by higher authority to "get the men singing".

He managed to get them and the piece he nominated was Berlin's "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning," that epic of bugledom. When the chanting battery came to that part in the middle of the song where a bar or so of Reveille is rung in, the captain shut it off dead and had the

buglers blow that phrase as a solo. It was barely recognizable. Of course each bugler picked out a different key. Sousa would have fainted dead away.

Thus primed, the battery was ordered to hold its fire. The psychological moment came when the Colonel was sighted at the roadside waiting to be passed by in informal review. Then the B. C. got 'em singing that song. The buglers got their cue when just opposite the Colonel and they did their stuff with a will. *Ta, ta-ta, ta-taaaaa!* There is reason to believe that the local echoes have never been quite the same since.

"What was that?" the startled Colonel demanded, tweaking his mustache nervously.

"That," the battery commander proclaimed, "was the three worst buglers in the Army."

"Too true," was the official verdict registered.

The bugler of the guard was of course the lad who did the real execution. During the tour of duty of the guard, he sounded all the calls of the day and night. In a regiment which might just as well be known as the 600th Infantry and let it go at that was just about one windjammer who could blow an intelligible call. When any of the rest of them performed, you

had to look at your wrist-watch and deduce, "Aha! That must be Assembly." Or "That would be Adjutant's Call".

In France, musicians, as they used to nickname buglers, experienced quite a change in functions but that was not until after they had left the training areas. It was while one regiment was palling around with an outfit of Chasseurs Alpins and learning about warfare from them that there transpired one of the greatest blasts of bugling ever heard in the A. E. F. or elsewhere. Only the fact that there was a war under way in the same country prevented more being heard of it.

It originated in a separate battalion quartered in a town at some distance from the rest of the regiment. It being in a way an independent command, the Major got a chance to try out some of his own ideas. One of them he got from the Chasseurs Alpins or more exactly the buglers of the same.

Frog trumpeters were often some shakes. The proverb, What's worse than one bugler? Ans., Two, did not apply to them. Of them, the more, the merrier. A whole flock of them tooting away was as good as a band. It gave the Major the hunch of equipping his trusty windjammers with those long, shiny French bugles with four-gerres all over them like a Christmas tree. In flits the Maje to Paris and buys about 'steen of the things. Out of his own pocket, not with the mess fund. He wasn't going to have anybody saying that he took bread out of his men's mouths and only put it back in the shape of a couple feet of fancy brass.

Well, he got those lads winding their horns for all they were worth and finally he got them to the point where he could mass all sixteen of them in the town square. They would all take a deep breath and blow "Retreat" which was admitted to be very compelling. It is not of record that the villagers put in any claims for damages; perhaps they had not got the hang of that yet. In any event, that separate battalion stayed separate for some time.

Mention of the French school of bugling recalls a yarn which might be entitled "The Dentist's Revenge."

There was a buck private whom the company christened "Gopher" because he owned a couple of front teeth, tombstone size, which seemed to have got the command to step two paces to the front, but they were good, sound toothies and so were all the rest of the ivories in Gopher's head. Now Gopher didn't like the regimental dentist for a darn and it was mutual; some fatigue job or other was the reason. Anyway, Gopher being so dentally perfect, he figured he could go right ahead and indulge his antipathy without suffering for it. Then he took up bugling.

YOU can see the end of this coming with the relentless march of a Greek tragedy. Gopher thought he would bugle in the snappy French manner. You know that stunt they had—tossing the bugle up in the air, catching it when it came down against the ruby lips and tooting right ahead where you left off. Gopher got so good at it, he tried it once too often. He flipped the horn up about ten feet once when some girls were watching him and it came down like a ton of bricks on those two front tombstones of his. He just had to go to the dentist. It is best to draw a veil over what followed, remarking only that it was much better to rile a doc. The worst a doc could do was inoculate you a few times, paint you with iodine, forcibly feed you some C. C. pills and return you to duty.

There was a bugler named Dirk in an outfit which had not done any battling but was still standing guard mount and other things like that to keep time from hanging heavy on their hands in their spare moments. As a consequence, that outfit got ceremonies wished on it every now and then and one had to be staged when a Frog general turned up for some hullabaloo or other. The outfit was only a couple of companies and there wasn't a bugler in either of them. Could they play "To the Colors"? You might as well ask them to tear off Beethoven's Unfinished Symphony!

The C. O. sent a motorcycle side-car rip snorting to borrow a

cornetist from a band said to be in a town fifteen kilometres away. Time was short but the motorcyclist had a reputation for burning up roads when necessary—or unnecessary, for that matter.

The outfit was all lined up and the ceremony was shooting along when the dispatch rider slid up to headquarters in a cloud of dust. He dismounted and ran up to the sergeant waiting for him.

"That double-blank-blank bandsman flew out of the bathtub here about half a kilometre back," he announced, "but here's his blankety-blank-blank horn!"

The cornet was no good to the bugler. And it was just about time for "To the Colors." Up walked one of two German prisoners who were picking up trash. In as good American as you could ask, the squarehead declared:

"I used to play in a German band back in the States. Maybe I can help."

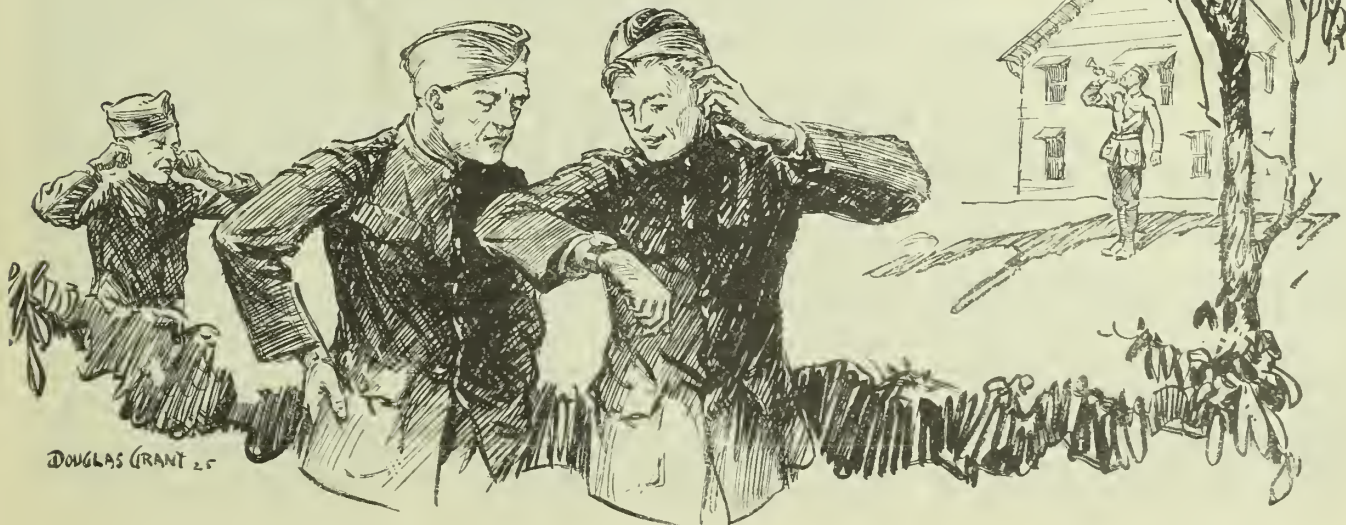
The sergeant hummed the tune over a couple of times for him and he got it. Then the Jerry blew the call, with the bugler standing around the corner of the building in sight as a dummy. That crazy Dirk was such a dumb dummy, he took down the horn from his mouth to listen better to the last two or three notes, but if the Frog general saw him, he failed to say anything and he must have thought it was just another of those trick things Americans were all the time doing.

They have been a scarce thing since the war, but if you ever hear one of those three-man German bands out in the street, have a heart and shoot the nickel. That former Jerry prisoner may be in it.

Buglers complain that they had to stand for a lot in France and even the unsympathetic listener will have to admit that they did lead a hard life in billets. When a battalion, say, was scattered through a town *en repos*, it

(Continued on page 16)

When most of these windjammers performed you had to look at your wrist watch and deduce, "Aha! That must be Assembly."



DOUGLAS GRANT 25

SKILL *Isn't* EVERYTHING

THE common sense of classifying boxers according to weight is plain. In a ring contest the late Pancho Villa, 112 pounds, wouldn't have stood a Chinaman's chance of knocking out Jack Dempsey, 196 pounds.

True, little men have whipped big men in the ring. Back in the dim past of Fistiana—in 1745, to be exact—Ned Hunt, 128 pounds, hammered Major Hawksley, 200 pounds, to defeat. But the fans of today would call the major, so far as boxing ability was concerned and without necessarily referring to his character, a big bum. He knew nothing of the principles of defense or offense in the ring.

But this same Ned Hunt, in trying to trounce Jack Slack, 196 pounds, a champion of England, in one of the old-time boxing-wrestling bouts, received a drubbing that ended his prize-fighting career.

Fistiana early learned that it was poor sport to send a Ned Hunt up against a Major Hawksley or a Jack Slack. It codified this lesson into the axiom, "A good big man will always whip a good little man."

"But," asked followers of the ring, "at what weight does a good little man become a good big man?"

An answer to this question was sought from Jem Ward, another champion of England, when he was touring the United States in the 1860's. Born in 1800, Ward had fought in the ring when the Duke of Wellington was prime minister of England; when Scott had just finished writing "Ivanhoe," and when Lafayette was paying his farewell visit to the United States. Ward's brother also had won the championship of England and a cousin had won the championship of America. Jem came from a fighting family and had seen hundreds of pugilists contest in bare knuckle fights. Fistiana respected his opinion.

"Jem," he was asked, "what do you consider the smallest size a trained fighter should be to be strong enough to have an even chance to whip any other man in the world?"

The old warrior gave his answer without hesitation.

"Twelve stone."

"Let me see," commented the American. "A stone is fourteen pounds. Twelve times fourteen is—yes, 168 pounds."

"Correct. As you Yankees say, 168 pounds. When I say 168 pounds I mean stripped and the boxer trained down to the last half ounce. No beef around the middle. No extra fat to slow him up and tie his movements in a knot."

"A man of that weight is always dangerous. No matter how badly hammered, he still has the strength to win by a single blow. Such a man, with courage and confidence, anywhere from five feet eight up in height, ought to be able to stand up on an even basis with anything that walks on two legs."

The followers of Fistiana today have ante'd Ward's limit of 168 up to 175

By WILLIAM
HENRY NUGENT

WHY was such an odd figure as 133 pounds once accepted as the official lightweight limit? What is the origin of the term "welterweight"? What is a "cheese champion"? How heavy is a human paperweight? What famous boxer once disposed easily of an opponent weighing some ninety pounds more than himself? It is an axiom of Fistiana that "a good big man will always whip a good little man"—but at what weight does a good little man become a good big man? These are some of the questions which Mr. Nugent answers in the accompanying article.

pounds, the present heavyweight low limit. The various boxing commissions believe a pugilist over 175, well-trained and efficient, should be allowed to fight the biggest man in the world.

Of course, heavies around 180 pounds can use their own discretion. They don't have to tackle Harry Wills or Jack Dempsey unless they are so inclined.

But there have been many remarkable boxers at 168 pounds, including Bob Fitzsimmons, who weighed around this mark when, on St. Patrick's Day in 1897, he won the championship of the world by dropping James J. Corbett for the count. Often Fitz went into the ring under 168 pounds, and he was capable of fighting anything on two legs. One of his achievements was to wreck, with several substantial wallops, a pugilist known as the Human Freight Car, 260 pounds gross.

CARPENTIER, who claimed he weighed 168 pounds instead of the announced 172 when he faced Jack Dempsey in 1921, staggered Dempsey in the second round with a clean right to the jaw.

Even Jack Johnson, 212 pounds of bone and muscle, when at the height of his strength and experience, in 1909, was tumbled off his feet by an opponent tipping the scale at 172 pounds—Stanley Ketchel. Outclassed for eleven rounds by the smiling, confident Negro, Ketchel shifted and drove home a terrific swing in the vicinity of Johnson's left ear. As the motion pictures reveal, Johnson dropped with the ease and swiftness of an anvil slipping into the water from the hands

of two careless longshoremen. Hurt mentally and physically, Johnson got to his feet, the golden smile replaced by a look of fear, and taking no more chances, finished this 172-pounder with two murderous uppercuts.

Maybe Jem Ward was right in setting the minimum weight for a good big man at 168, but the law of averages differs slightly with him by setting from 185 to 200 pounds as the usual run of heavyweight heftiness. For champion pugilists have mostly weighed within these figures.

When Jem Ward fought, Fistiana recognized only three classes of weights—heavy, medium or middle, and light. Today it recognizes thirteen classes.

The growth of weight classifications has an interesting history. The English based the original ring weights on the stone, fourteen pounds—a unit used in America to weigh flour, a barrel of flour being fourteen stone, or 196 pounds. The English still reckon a man's weight in the old fashion.

If Americans were in the habit of using the stone instead of the pound as the unit of weight, they wouldn't be puzzled to know why the lightweight limit a few years ago was 133 pounds and the middleweight limit 154 pounds—odd figures to the American, but to the Englishman representing nine and one-half stone and eleven stone respectively.

Back in the 1850's the English, then rulers of Fistiana, usually recognized three classes: Ten stone (140 pounds) and under, lightweight; eleven stone (154 pounds), middleweight; over eleven stone, heavyweight.

Under this arrangement a pugilist 141 pounds in heft had to take on 154 pounders, since both were called middleweights. This wasn't so bad a situation as that existing for men below 140 pounds. To make it easier for the little fellows, English sportsmen in the late 1850's presented a belt to Spider Hoyles, a nine-stone man, 126 pounds, and, because he was "light as a feather" in his fighting shoes, called him champion of the featherweights.

Next, the amateur boxers in England in the 1880's added a still lighter class for eight stone men (112 pounds), calling it *bamtamweight*. The English amateurs boosted the middleweight limit from 154 to 158 pounds, but the professionals held to the old mark of 154. The Americans adopted both marks, and endless confusion resulted. Some middles wanted to fight at the low figure and some at the higher.

The English professionals in the 1880's added a new class, welterweight. They borrowed the term from horse-racing, more specifically steeplechasing, where jockeys riding horses handicapped weight-for-age must carry lead bars weighing 28 pounds known as welterweights. An average-weight jockey of eight and one-half stone, 119 pounds, plus a 28-pound handicap would make 147 pounds up on a horse.

In fixing 147 pounds as the welter limit, the professionals reduced the

(Continued on page 13)

Taking *the* Safe Out of Safe Cracking

By THOMAS J. MALONE

IT is long since road agents, mounted and masked, regularly held up stage coaches between mining camps and market cities in the frontier West and, to the urge of leveled revolvers and sawed-off shotguns, demanded "your money or your life", often taking both. Murder, robbery, ruthless ruffianry of all kinds, no longer stalk in the streets of San Francisco and neighboring towns; of Lewiston, Florence and Boise City, Idaho; of Bannack and Virginia City, Montana. Those days of placers, pack trains and pistols are no more—of gold dust currency, of hurdy-gurdy houses, of "cloth-wall" saloons, stores and hotels, of horse thieves and express riders, of miners' courts, of gambling, drunkenness, arson and general villainy. The Stinking-water, Rattlesnake Ranch, Ramshorn Gulch and Grasshopper Diggings seem but names out of a movie; and Buck Stinson, Clubfoot George Lane, Whisky Bill Graves and Dutch John Wagner, along with others of Henry Plummer's band of robbers and murderers, as well as Plummer himself, swung for their evil deeds more than sixty years ago at the hands of the vigilantes, and are remembered today only by a few surviving pioneers of Idaho and Montana Territories.

The San Francisco vigilance committees of 1851 and 1856 and those of various communities of Idaho and Montana in 1862-'65 embodied, in the main, the will of law-respecting and order-enforcing men in times when regular legal agencies had not yet been instituted or failed to function. The lesson they taught is not lost on men in the United States of 1925, and today, in a half dozen or more States, modern vigilantes are out—this time within and subject to the law and not, as then, outside it—to combat as bold a generation of robbers as any period in our history has known.

The plan is simple and service men are playing a large part in it.

In recent years, particularly since the war, frequent and successful attacks on country banks in many of the

Central States, with too few captures and recoveries, have emphasized the inability of the usual police authorities to cope with the new methods of yeggdom. Two outstanding factors have contributed to this activity—the ubiquitousness of the automobile and the development of surfaced roads, often paved, connecting small towns

cat" or "locator", the advance man of the yegg crew, to spot such a garage days before the time set for the bank attack. The yeggs borrow only the gas tanks, as a welding torch will not do their business. They carry a cutting torch with them. Do they rent the tanks of the nice garage man? Oh, no; they simply go at night and take them. Nor do they return them, but usually leave them in the bank.

Fat treasures of Liberty bonds in most banks have also spurred the gentry to effort.

Police forces in the larger cities have been more successful in coping with bank criminals than county sheriffs, who, in many cases, hampered by small numbers of deputies and inadequate pursuit facilities, have been almost helpless. Hence the bank raiders, working in bands, shrewdly pick their points of attack in country places.

Various States in the last three or four years, notably Illinois and Missouri, have seen a significant decrease in the number of night bank burglaries and a corresponding increase in the number of daylight bank holdups—that is, robberies during banking hours, generally at noon, when few employees and customers are likely to be in the bank.

In other words, bank robbery had become so easy, in some sections, and so lacking in capture probability that the robbers preferred to go after the loot when the vault was open and didn't call for torch or nitro.

Bankers' associations have finally been forced to devise a method of cooperation with police authorities that offers such aggressive opposition to the robbers, as to discourage their attempts and tend to drive them from the association fields.

Iowa led off; and so successful has its method proved, so emphatically and illuminatingly successful, that this summer other Central States, including Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Kansas and Oklahoma, have been organizing on virtually the basis of the "Iowa Plan". Doubtless other States are considering it. Iowa's plan, instituted not



Country banks are no longer the easy prey of the stick-up man they were a couple of years ago. Here's part of a permanent posse which Rhodes, Iowa, like many other towns in the Middle West, has organized. These modern vigilantes are subject to call at any hour in an emergency

with large centers. Both insure speed in reaching the place of contemplated attack and, more important, in escaping afterward—the robber gang being able to travel fifty or a hundred miles before the average sheriff's posse can much more than get under way.

The gang practice, after a small town attack, is to head for a large city, where it readily loses itself. And when in the last decade has it not been easy for a thief to pick up a car—some one else's car—almost anywhere on short notice?

Other things have aided the yegg, too—among them the perfecting of the gas-cutting torch, which eats its way through safe and vault walls with the ease of a small boy wrecking an ice cream cone. With this has gone accessibility of the torch apparatus. Many a country garage carries welding equipment; it is the job of the "gay

five years ago with the sponsorship of the Iowa Bankers' Association and maintained with growing efficiency since, is built around a force of about four thousand volunteer citizens, "minute men", co-operating with police authorities and serving without pay. Before detailing its provisions, let us look into approved bank yegg procedure, late models.

Several weeks ago came a report of a night raid on a bank in the village of Kulm, North Dakota. Some time after midnight a band, estimated at ten or more, drove into the town in automobiles. First it cut all telephone and telegraph wires leading from the town. Lookouts were stationed near the First State Bank and the "petermen"—safe crackers—made for the door with their tools. Their "gay cat" had evidently reported no need for a torch.

They set off blast after blast of nitro-glycerin in the effort to enter the vault, which proved a tough one. Lights began to flash in windows of the hotel across the street and in various residences. The lookouts fired at every light as it appeared, until all were out. The yeggs made no pretense of working quietly. Seemingly they didn't care if the whole town was aware of their presence.

This is the usual thing in a modern bank burglary. The yeggs get possession of the town, cut off its communication, guard the streets, stop all vehicles and pedestrians, terrify the inhabitants generally and proceed, almost at leisure, to clean up.

In Kulm the cashier, awakened in his home by the shooting, dashed for his garage and drove round by-streets rousing the residents, at the same time drawing the robbers' fire. They winged

his car at a crossing, giving him two bullets in a leg; but he kept on.

Kulm men had their blood up by this time. Seizing the old shotgun and whatever else they could lay hands on in the way of firearms, they opened on the invaders. They blazed away from darkened windows and doorways, some even venturing into the street. They didn't kill any yeggs, but they made things so hot that the gang abandoned its purpose and drove away, having obtained only a small amount from the bank. The report of the attack sent to the newspapers stated: "No attempt was made to give immediate pursuit". In other words, they got away.

It will be noted that citizen resistance was wholly unorganized, without plan or leadership; that there was no signal system operating by which to notify other towns once the wires had been cut; that arms were only such as could be picked up haphazardly, and that there was no prompt pursuit.

Along with this specific illustration of yegg methods, the story of Mary Kane is pertinent. Miss Kane is night telephone operator at Shullsburg, Wisconsin, near the Illinois line. One night last June four burglars drove into the town, cut all trunk wires out of the exchange and all telegraph wires, and made for the First National Bank. Two of them stayed outside, patrolling the street and firing at lights in windows. Awakened citizens resisted not, but left the yeggs to themselves.

Miss Kane, disturbed by the noise, in her room on the second floor of the exchange building, didn't wonder what all the shooting was about. She knew,

for she had given some thought in odd moments to the possibility of such a raid. Trying her board, she found all wires dead. What next?

She tiptoed down the back way—and my, how those stairs squeaked!—and got into what the newspapers termed "a little car" that was parked in the open—her car. Then she lit out for Darlington, the county seat, ten miles away. That's where the sheriff was. The yeggs' lookouts didn't discover what she was about until it was too late to stop her.

Mary stepped on it. General Sheridan won fame for a certain twenty-mile ride under urgent circumstances; the midnight gallop of Paul Revere is still recounted for the hearing of children who will listen; while history and literature, one or the other, have contributed to immortalizing the names and deeds of such messengers as Pheidippides, the runner who sped more than twenty-six miles to carry the news of the victory at Marathon to the Athenians, of Malise speeding the fiery cross to rally the clansmen of Roderick Dhu, of doughty Roland bringing the good news from Ghent to Aix, of Collins Graves warning the valley folk of the oncoming flood—but Mary went a good deal faster than any of these.

She roused the sheriff and some bank officers in Darlington. Her work was done. By the time the sheriff got going, the yeggs' work was done, too, and they had left, with much swag.

In Shullsburg, as in Kulm, there was no special alarm system that would operate independently of the cut wires, no way to enter upon an effective pursuit. One wonders what might have

(Continued on page 15)

They Beat Henry Ford to It

By W. EARL
HALL

LISTEN to the tale of how one American Legion post won its way back to financial solvency and respectability in the community through the medium of "Turkey in the Straw" and "The Irish Washerwoman."

The outfit in question is Clausen-Worden Post of Mason City, Iowa, and the classical musical numbers mentioned have been the backbone of the repertoire of the old-time orchestra which has supplied music for the old-time dances in vogue in Mason City.

Since its inception in the spring of 1923, the old-time dance has been attended by approximately 50,000 individuals. It is an institution. A few of the boys and girls, be it said to their shame, sometimes forget that Sunday morning is the time for Sunday School, but they never forget that Saturday night is old-time dance night. Maybe Henry Ford got his idea of old-fashioned dances here.

The average attendance is six hundred a night. Never is it below four hundred. Once it was 2,600 and four hundred others were turned away. The post's clubrooms bulged that night with the burden of merry-makers.

The price is twenty-five cents for all, women as well as men, and in this

low price lies the principal secret of the dance's smashing success.

Past National Commander Hanford MacNider is daddy of the idea which developed into the old-time dance.

"Why don't you put on a fiddlers' contest?" he suggested once to the writer, who was in charge of post entertainment.

Fiddlers came from miles around and the armory was filled with people—admission was free—who duly chose by their applause the champion fiddler of north Iowa.

"Why don't you let us jig a little?" one old fellow volunteered.

Another idea.

A jigging contest was held and the lofty title of champion jigger of north Iowa was bestowed by an even larger crowd. Admission still free.

"By heck, this makes me feel like doing a quadrille!" another old-timer in the crowd piped up.

The big idea.

An old-time dance was held. Farmers pailed their cows a little early and workers in the plants of the city

scoured up their fingernails and donned their wedding suits. It was a big night. More than 1,500 men and women passed through the turnstiles after depositing a quarter apiece.

The success of this event invited another dance and it was at this one that the armory proved too small. A prize was awarded to an eighty-five-year-old man who never missed a dance. Jazz dancing suffered a blow that night from which it has never fully recovered in Mason City.

Clausen-Worden Post now has an unflinching source of revenue ranging from \$50 to \$100 a week. In one year a \$3,000 debt was wiped off and a surplus took its place. The post has found it possible to contribute liberally to a new Y. M. C. A. building, to the community chest, and to the Boy Scouts. Better entertainment features are available to stimulate attendance at the monthly post meetings. There is a great deal more leeway for constructive welfare work among needy veterans of the town.

Every Saturday night the Auxiliary is on hand with a refreshment stand, the profits from which aided it greatly in staging the department convention last year and in its relief work for indigent service men of the city.

Legion Oars that Stirred Up a Town

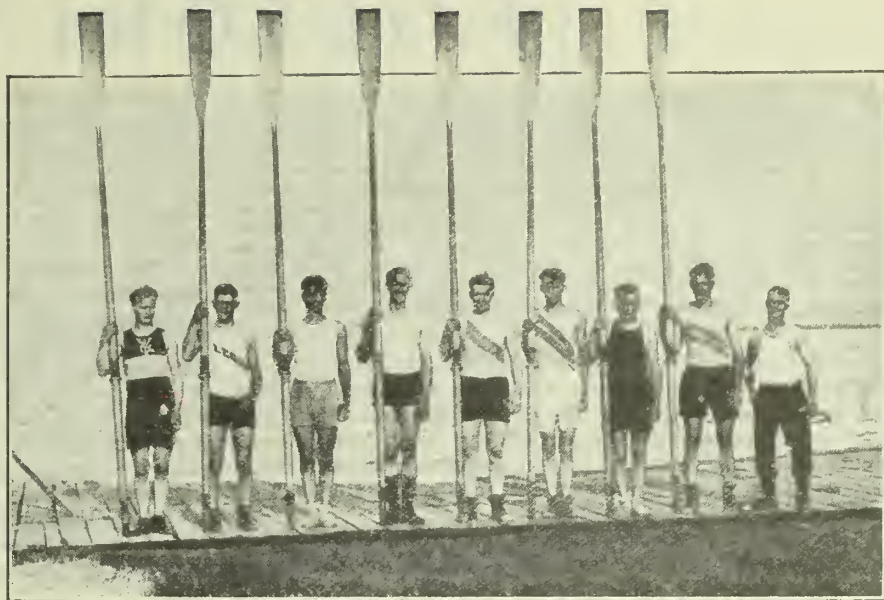
By ARTHUR VAN
VLISINGEN, JR.

IF ANY Legion organization has a boat crew and an eight-oared shell which is looking for trouble, there's another Legion outfit of the same sort waiting. For, so far as it knows, Edward C. Headman Post of Wyandotte, Michigan, is the only Legion outfit maintaining a boat crew.

Obviously, under the circumstances, all of its competition has been outside the Legion. But it has had big-time competition and made no discreditable showing. What's more, it has given its fellow-townsmen some high-class aquatic entertainment and raised the local Legion's stock considerably thereby.

During the months of open water, anyone can see the Legion crew practising on the Detroit River every evening and week-ends. On the approach of a big race you'll find them out on the water at 5:30 a. m.—and 5:30 a. m. doesn't come any later at Wyandotte than it does anywhere else.

It all started in 1923, when the post decided to make use of the river which flows beside its clubhouse in the city



This American Legion boat crew of Wyandotte, Michigan, started as rear-rank amateur oarsmen but developed a skill which made them heroes in a half dozen exciting championship races. Now their whole town is behind them, working for the bigger victories to come

park. An old eight-oared shell was available, for Wyandotte even thirty years ago was famous as a rowing center, and rowing has persisted as a sport there. So the rowing enthusiasts in Headman Post built a lean-to on the back of the clubhouse for their boat, anchored a raft a few feet offshore, and set to work.

Rowing enthusiasts? Yes, in much the same way as the average small boy is a flying enthusiast. For while all of them had pulled an occasional oar, not one of the lot had ever sat on a rolling seat and tried to hit it up in perfect unison with seven other huskies to the irritating drone of the coxswain's voice. The nearest any of them had come to it was that one or two had pulled in Navy cutters during the war.

But the embryonic oarsmen kept at it, even after they had learned that rowing is not as simple as it looks. And after they had been pulling regularly for a few weeks they had developed for the sport an enthusiasm which made their previous yearnings seem pallid. For rowing grows on its devotees, even as do the callous spots on their hands.

The first year they went to the Royal Canadian Henley, at St. Catherine's—and pulled a good race, even though they got away to a bad start. Last year they went, too, and didn't place. They rowed two other races last year against high-class competition, and won one and lost the other by half a boat-length.

This year the Wyandotte Legion crew rowed in five races. In each it made a highly creditable show-

ing, but a piece of hard luck in the very first race imposed a handicap during the rest of the season. This handicap developed at Detroit on June 11th. The Legion crew, rowing in a high sea, was leading the race by a length and a half at the three-quarter mark when its shell buckled. The crew had to go into the remaining races of the season with a repaired shell—one that was none too good to begin with, being a sixteen-year-old bus. Despite their antiquated, patched-up craft, the Legionnaires gave a thrilling exhibition in the Canadian Henley. For most of this race, the Legionnaires kept abreast of the three other contestants and were only passed in the final moments of a hair-raising finish. On August 8th the Legionnaires won the annual Detroit Water Carnival Race. On August 29th, in the annual Detroit River Championships, they won the Four championship and made second place in the Eight championship.

In this Eight race the Legion crew had the satisfaction of finishing ahead of the crew that beat them in the Canadian Henley. This comeback was due largely to the fact that the Legion crew had acquired a coach. The crew's showing in this race stirred great enthusiasm in its home city. As a result of it, the townfolk have started a subscription for new equipment, and with the money already raised two new boats have been ordered.

Wyandotte rallied to the support of the crew as soon as it was organized. Public subscription sent the crew to the Canadian regatta twice. Memberships in the Wyandotte Legion Boat Club have been sold to the public at five dollars a year, even though membership carries no privileges.

So last year, when everything was going well, the Boat Club put on a water carnival for the town—at no expense to the people. Everyone had a good time that day. Folks went home wondering why they had paid so little attention to boat racing in the past.

The Wyandotte Legionnaire boatmen put in long hours morning and night to fit themselves for a series of nerve and muscle trying races



EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

A Boy's Ideals

THERE are as many nationalities on the Island of Manhattan as there are in the British Empire. That gives the Americanism Commission of the New York County Council of The American Legion something to think about because New York County and Manhattan Island are the same thing.

The New York County Legion Americanism Commission has an annual essay contest. The subject for the contest this year was "My Duties as an American Citizen." Millions of words have been written on that subject, but none of them state the essence of the thing more satisfactorily than this one sentence from the essay of Arthur Etkin, twelve years old, who won the prize for 1925:

"If a person plays fair in a game, does not cheat, is a good loser and a generous winner and treats his opponents with courtesy; if he is slow to harbor suspicions, avoids hasty opinion and stands by the truth and nothing but the truth, then he is a good American citizen."

Arthur's reward was a two-day trip to Philadelphia to see all of the historic sights of America's first capital. If Arthur follows through life the creed he has stated in one simple sentence, he may be sure that the ideals of citizenship cherished by the men who went to Philadelphia to found this nation will not suffer at his hands.

A Scenario of 1918

THE private soldier of war days who protested because the general staff did not take him into its complete confidence and announce to him beforehand the reasons for every move he made can now take comfort in the fact that he had distinguished company. Former Secretary of War Newton D. Baker recently disclosed, at a dinner given in honor of the seventieth birthday of Rear Admiral William S. Benson, retired, the elaborate and mysterious devices whereby he was spirited aboard ship in 1918 for his tour of inspection of the A. E. F. Doubtless the authorities had in mind the loss of Lord Kitchener, word of whose intending departure for Russia certainly reached German ears through some innocent person's tongue-wagging.

Still, a Secretary of War, one would think, might be taken into the authorities' confidence. Mr. Baker did not have at that time, nor has he now, the reputation of being a bean-spiller. Yet his story of what occurred between the time he secured Presidential approval for his trip and his arrival on board the cruiser *Seattle*, which carried him to France, reads like one of those distressing and inexplicable tangles which puzzled citizens used to carry to Sherlock Holmes. Compare Mr. Baker's experience with the opening of "The Adventure of the Greek Interpreter":

He was told to be ready on a certain day at three in the afternoon. His baggage was duly called for at the appointed time, and at nine o'clock that evening someone whom Mr. Baker described as "a very plain looking citizen" rang his doorbell and asked him to accompany him. A car was waiting—not the purring monster that usually stands at the curb in stories like this, but a decidedly dilapidated contrivance that, once the Secretary was aboard, embarked on a tour of Washington that lasted several hours and had the Secretary completely confounded.

He was finally set down at the Union Station, taken into the trainshed through an improvised entrance, and

hustled into a compartment of a Pullman car. Here it developed that other individuals besides the Secretary were puzzled, because the train crew reported that no provision had been made for any Mr. Baker and wanted to put him off. He finally won, however, probably on the basis that possession of a Pullman compartment is all ten points of the law.

The following morning—Mr. Baker contrived to get some sleep in spite of these bewildering incidents—the train stopped at a lonely spot and the Secretary, escorted by a mysterious individual who had not appeared in any previous reel, was taken to a wharf on what later proved to be the New Jersey coast and driven by launch to the *Seattle*. Only the captain of the warship knew he was coming. The captain was not immediately available when the launch drew alongside, and did not appear until threats had been made to put the Secretary under guard and even to throw him overboard. Once safely on the *Seattle* Mr. Baker was ordered below decks for two days—and warned, presumably, to keep his illuminated wrist watch under his pillow.

Thus did the first Secretary of War in American history who ever inspected an American Army on foreign soil begin his journey. Can the lowliest ex-private of the A. E. F. provide a parallel from his own experiences?

"In Time of Disaster—the Legion"

CUSTOM crystallizes into tradition swiftly, and by repetition the unusual becomes the matter of fact, the exceptional becomes commonplace. The tradition of the sea long ago supplanted the first law of nature in shipwrecks. Today it is just as natural for a Legionnaire to seek the post of peril and responsibility in time of community disaster as it is for a sailor to place the safety of passengers above his own life when the ship is sinking and the boats are being launched. Some time ago the Weekly published on its editorial page a list of four catastrophes in which Legion posts rushed into action, bringing rescue and relief to their stricken fellow citizens. Since the list was published, Legionnaires of three Ohio posts have done valiant service in the tragedy of the Shenandoah wreck and Curtis E. Smith Post of Rockwood, Tennessee, has kept the record clear by being first in rescue and relief following a mine disaster in which ten men were killed.

No assembly call is needed for the Legion in time of disaster. Where there is danger, where there is work to be done, the Legion will be found.

❖ ❖ ❖

According to the autoist looking for a place to park, this country is certainly enjoying a bumper crop of fire hydrants.

❖ ❖ ❖

Persistent denial is heard on all sides of the rumor that an Ohio man recently found some cinnamon hidden in a restaurant cinnamon roll.

❖ ❖ ❖

It has been predicted that next winter will be the coldest in 216 years, which practically establishes the fact that a heavy majority of wives will get up first and close the windows.

❖ ❖ ❖

To keep the neck in good trim for the work of watching for automobiles at street intersections a pedestrian should order a ham sandwich for lunch daily and then look for the mustard.

❖ ❖ ❖

There's still hope for humanity as long as an occasional flapper sitting on the front porch with her stockings rolled down develops into a wife in the kitchen with her sleeves rolled up.

A PERSONAL PAGE

by Frederick Palmer

A navy plane has flown over three hundred miles an hour. One plane; one brilliant aviator; a stunt; an example of a builder's and a pilot's capacity! This no more makes adequate air defense than one unsurpassed infantry company makes an army or the fastest destroyer makes a navy. Stunts must not divert us from the main object of all-round organized supremacy. We have had enough talk in the air; let us hear more propellers in the air. Keep our flag flying in the sky as well as on land and sea! A civil aviation bureau, more routes charted, more landing fields, more mail contracts for carriers that will shoot overhead past the fastest trains and motor trucks! If America doesn't lead in aviation she may lose the habit of leading in other things.

Schools and colleges are in the full swing of the football season. Boys of ten and double ten are on the practice field. Though the bones of us elders remain brittle by Nature's edict our hearts grow young at the sight of them.

Football is no sissy pastime. It toughens mind and body with hard knocks and teaches how to receive hard knocks in good humor. It teaches that work alone wins; again and again you must practise the plays and tackle and be tackled as muscle and skill combat muscle and skill. It teaches determination to the last ounce in bucking the line. It requires obedience to command as definite as army orders. Its training is not for jelly beans and drug-store cowboys who inhale cigarette smoke and drink hooch.

Where is that clipping which I thought that I had put in my pocket on a railroad train? I remember that it was about a boy of eleven in Cambridge, Massachusetts, who was heartbroken because he was in bed with an injury which prevented his keeping up with his class at school. The mayor of Cambridge sent teachers to his bedside so that he would be able to keep up. In the same paper I read of a boy of fourteen who defied an officer arresting him for the theft of an automobile for a joy ride. No question which of these two boys is starting right. Twenty years hence the boy who stole the car may say that the world was against him and for the other boy. The world is against nobody. Its rules are clear. They cannot be beaten in the long run. Their penalties and rewards are inexorable.

L. K. of Rockford, Illinois, wants me to print his letter in full or not at all. Here it is in full:

"I am a World War veteran and have made considerable study about the problem of war. I see that you are spilling the old stuff 'war propaganda.' The quickest way to create war is to imagine that one lies just around the corner. Hate and suspicion will do wonders in the war game. Well, I suppose that it is a waste of time to write this way but this is what I would like to suggest. How about devoting a page or two to peace propaganda? Discuss the many ways that men today are earnestly seeking to secure world brotherhood

and good will. I know that the road to world peace is no easy highway, but surely it is an ideal that we today ought to strive for. I wonder if you were a blinded veteran if your attitude would be the same. Please do not misinterpret me. I am not suggesting that we close our eyes to dangers. I simply suggest that we emphasize a way to peace instead of creating a hatred for the whole Russian people because of a minority of Soviet fanatics."

Every word in this page, every Legionnaire, is for peace. Views as to methods of keeping the peace may differ. L. K. does not tell us his. He just wants peace. That does not bring peace. If it did we should not have had the late war. Many peace plans have been discussed in this page. Every sane man's mind is open to every one.

When has this page taught hate? Suspicion is under cover. This page is in the open. Most wars have sprung at us unawares because we did not look around the corner to see them coming. By being blind to dangers, blind to facts, blind to national ambitions and human nature, by not being ready to stop that war around the corner through not having seen it coming in time or not being ready to bring it to a speedy end when it came, we have increased the number of blind veterans and the number of war dead and maimed.

Perhaps if I were a blind veteran I might think that if a confusion of pacifist dream prescriptions had not kept us from being ready in practical diplomacy and in arms I should still have my eyesight.

Never has this page been against the Russian people, but for all people in the hope of their progress and happiness, and for the Soviet fanatics to keep their practices for home consumption.

In Coburg, Germany, Grand Duke Cyril, ranking Romanoff and heir to the throne of all the Russias, is doing a vaudeville stunt on the world stage by "holding court." You may enter his presence only if you address him as "Your Majesty." Thus all his retainers and servants address him. To them he is really Czar. If he enjoys and they enjoy the illusion of thinking that one day he will be on the Russian throne, all right. But he never will be. It was the blind, stupid one-man tyranny of Czars and their fawning henchmen which brought on Sovietism. Russia has had too much retching in spewing out the Romanoffs to return to her vomit.

This is an earfull that always ought to be a mindfull for every American. Time ever enriches the wisdom of the men who created its simple, massive structure. It is not to be lightly amended until we are sure of the mature opinion of the people. Its

articles as well as its amendments are to be enforced. It is not to be weakened by too much legislation and too numerous centralizing government bureaucracies. Those who consider it old-fashioned are thinking back in the terms that made the darkness of the days before it lighted the world. It is the permanent fashion for all future generations. Lawmakers and law mongers, when in doubt or infected by the fad of come new cure-all, should think back to the Constitution, which has made liberty secure by preventing liberty from being mistaken for license.

Nothing Less Than Supremacy

Hard Knocks That Toughen

Getting Started Right

If You Enjoy It, Cyril!

Back to the Constitution

Have I Made This Clear?

The Old Army Game

By Wallgren



Skill Isn't Everything

(Continued from page 6)

lightweight limit to nine and one-half stone or 133 pounds, and at this mark Joe Gans and Battling Nelson fought for the lightweight title in 1906 at Goldfield, Nevada, in Tex Rickard's debut as a promoter.

In 1902 a Chicago sporting writer and promoter, Lou Houseman, put on a battle at Fort Erie, Pennsylvania, between Jack Root and George Gardner for the light-heavyweight honors. He aimed to take care of men weighing around 162 pounds. Georges Carpentier made this class famous.

In 1910 Eton, the famous English prep school, contributed the flyweight division to the list. The students at this school, following the example of other public schools and colleges in England, held an annual boxing tournament, and to give the smaller boys a chance the teachers in charge instituted bouts for boys under eight stone (112 pounds), calling them flyweights, and for boys under seven stone (98 pounds), calling them paperweights.

The National Sporting Club of London bestowed the title of flyweight champion on Tancy Lee, a wee sma' man, when he defeated Symonds, and when Jimmy Wilde, "the mighty Atom," in turn whipped Tancy, the club designated him as the new flyweight leader. Pancho Villa, a native Filipino, whipped the Englishman, so that up to Villa's death only three men had held the flyweight title.

In 1912 the New York Boxing Commission, hesitating between the stone and the pound as a unit, named a new standard of poundage: Paperweight, 108 pounds; bantam, 115; feather, 125; lightweight, 135; welter, 145; middle, 158; commission, 175; all over 175, heavyweights. In that same year the English dubbed 175-pounders cruiserweights.

When the French took up boxing in earnest, following the rise of Georges Carpentier, they looked to America and to England for rules. When they asked questions about weights and classes they found disagreements. The English amateurs fixed the lightweight limit at 140, the New York Boxing commissioners at 135, and the experts in California, then the center of pugilism, at 133.

Certain technical terms of the sport also confused the French. What was a cheese champion? Why such a droll name? Then someone remembered that in the 1890's one John Cheese, a widely ballyhooed fighter, descended upon London looking for someone to whip. He was called an Australian champion. Mr. Cheese didn't live up to his pre-bout promises that he would finish off his opponents in quick order. Instead of winning, Cheese was knocked out, early and often, during his ring career. Thereafter, whenever the matchmakers heard of a champion from some far-off place, they always wondered if he were another John Cheese. The alliteration "cheese champion" thus passed into Fistian's vocabulary to designate a boxer, unskilled in his trade, who by accident or squatter's right became owner of a title.

When the French Federation of Boxing found experts in America and England giving out different opinions on weight classifications, it invited the

boxing nations to meet and adopt a new set of uniform classifications, but the war intervened.

After the war America adopted a new set of rules and named thirteen weight divisions. These rules, drawn up by the International Sporting Club of New York, now defunct, became the model for other States, and England and France agreed to the new divisions, which are: Heavyweight, over 175 pounds; light heavyweight, under 175; middleweight, under 160; welterweight, under 147; junior welterweight, under 140; lightweight, under 135; junior lightweight, under 130; featherweight, under 126; junior featherweight, under 122; bantamweight, under 118; junior bantamweight, under 115; flyweight, under 112; junior flyweight, under 109.

It is surprising to find no boxer claiming the 140-pound title, rather unfortunately called junior welter. It was near the average weight of the typical American soldier of 1917-'19. Major General Merritte W. Ireland, Surgeon General of the United States Army, summarizing a million enlistment papers, found the average soldier stood five feet 7.49 inches and tipped the scales at 141.54 pounds. When discharged he had gained three and one-third pounds.

Some great pugilists weighed 140 pounds at the sound of the gong. The roll includes Joe Gans and Packy McFarland, both too large in frame to be classed as natural lightweights, although they called themselves that. Gans, in taking off flesh to make 133 pounds for Nelson, so weakened his constitution that it brought on his death a few years later. Better for him had he always fought at 140 pounds, as he did when he battled to a draw with Joe Wolcott.

Pugilists have a habit of classifying everyone they meet according to a ring division. An old retired English boxer, when asked to describe a new preacher, said, "He goes up to the pulpit at about thirteen stone."

John L. Sullivan, in describing his audience with the Prince of Wales, the late King Edward VII, used to say: "Well, I went down there and saw a fellow with a beard, and he weighed about 145 pounds—a welterweight. It was the prince himself."

OUTFIT REUNIONS

Announcements for this department must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

BTY. A. 146TH F. A.—Second annual reunion at Hotel Alvarado, Albuquerque, N. M., Oct. 24. Address A. M. Guffey, Box 708, Roswell, N. M.
25TH ENG.—National convention at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 24-25. Banquet at Auditorium, 6 p. m., Oct. 24. Address Thomas M. Temple, Chicago Chapter, American Red Cross, 616 So. Michigan Ave.

131ST INF.—Annual Armistice banquet and reunion under auspices of Chipilly Post of Chicago, Ill., at Fort Dearborn Hotel, Chicago, 8 p. m., Nov. 7. Address H. J. Rohr, 4346 No. Lincoln St., Chicago.

U. S. N. P. 1—Former members Sheffield Ord. Dctht., U. S. N. P. 1, invited to contribute to mail reunion. Write before Nov. 1 to any of the following: Paul Benrimo, 1325 So. 20th St., Birmingham, Ala.; R. S. Haggard, Stoughton, Mass.; W. C. Stone, 35 Dayton St., New Haven, Conn.; E. F. Bowden, 55 Linwood Road, Lynn, Mass.

Here are two young men, equally good-looking, equally well-dressed. You see such men at every social gathering. Why is one dismissed whenever there is a chance to do so, while the other is invited, even urged, to remain?



"Good Night"

"I MUST be going now," said the young man in the foreground of this picture. Immediately he was taken at his word! He is hard-working and sincere—but he is dull and tiresome, a wet blanket at every social occasion he attends. The other young man is very interesting. His conversation is not confined to his own business: he talks like a man who has traveled widely, though his only journeys are a business man's trips. He knows something of biography and history; and of the work of great scientists, playwrights and novelists.

His secret can be yours

Yet he is busy, as you and I are, in the affairs of every day. How has he found time to gain such a rich mental background? Why, when other men are allowed to go, is he urged to remain?

The answer to this man's success, and to the success of thousands like him, is contained in a book that you may have for the asking. In it is told the story of Dr. Charles W. Eliot's great discovery, which does for reading what the invention of the telegraph did for communication.

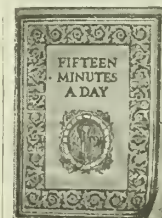
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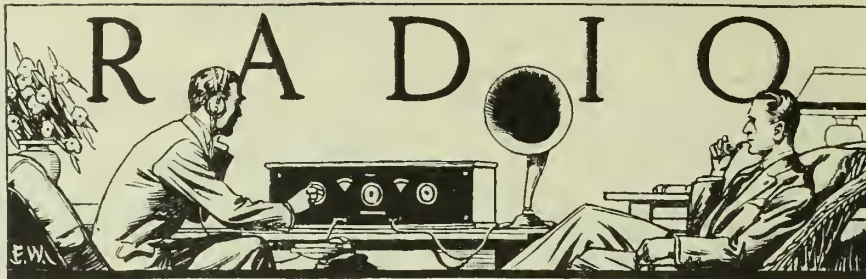


FLORIDA

Name

Street

City State 721



OWING to the quick action of the radio committee of Alamo Post of San Antonio, Texas, the Station Hospital at Fort Sam Houston will soon have radio receiving equipment furnished by the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly installed. Orders were placed a month ago and the equipment is now being received at the hospital. This is the first hospital to be equipped since the Fund was transferred to the control of the Weekly. In addition to eight hundred head-phones which will be connected at beds both in the wards and on the porches of the hospital buildings, six loud speakers have been ordered. A public address microphone will also be part of the equipment. Wires will be run from the amplifying set to the Red Cross recreation hut in which entertainments are given for ambulatory patients and to the outdoor band stand, to which the microphone can be attached. By this means, bed patients can enjoy local entertainment as well as the programs picked up on the receiving set from distant broadcasting stations.

Accompanying the specifications for equipment required to take care of the one hundred and forty-three beds in the Soldiers' Tubercular Sanatorium at Sulphur, Oklahoma, were plans drawn by Comrades David J. Wenner and Edward J. Rice, patients in the hospital. One of the plans shows the general position of the buildings of the hospital group and another the detailed wiring layout of the main ward buildings. Platt National Park Post of the Legion at Sulphur is acting as local agent

of the Fund trustees in the furtherance of this project.

W. M. Vance, manager of the Veterans' Memorial Headquarters in Cincinnati, Ohio, reports that Robert E. Bentley Post of that city is conducting a series of weekly broadcasting hours from Station WKRC. These programs are being especially arranged for the entertainment of disabled service men in hospitals. Bentley Post goes on the air every Monday night from nine until ten o'clock, Central Standard Time.

Each week reports are received from additional Legion posts that are adopting radio as a means of entertaining disabled comrades and of spreading Legion principles to service men. Fort Cralo Post of Rensselaer, New York, used Station WHAZ to broadcast a radio pageant, "The Minuteman," several months ago to commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the volunteer service of the Minutemen in the American Revolution. Memorial Day and Fourth of July programs have been broadcast by George E. Hilgard Post of Belleville, Illinois; Downtown Business Men's Post of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania; Boulder (Colorado) Post; Richmond County Organization of The American Legion, Staten Island, New York; Mark Hamilton Post of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and Gilbert C. Grafton Post of Fargo, North Dakota. Last March the Department of Ohio celebrated the sixth birthday of The American Legion by broadcasting a program from Station WLW at Cincinnati which was relayed through Station WTAM at Cleveland.

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THE American Legion Weekly has assumed charge of the distribution of the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund, now known as the Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, for the purchase of radio equipment for disabled World War veterans. The Fund is governed by the following regulations:

1. All requests for radio installation must come through posts of The American Legion. All government-owned hospitals operating under the United States Veterans Bureau have been or will be equipped with radio reception by the Government; the Fund, therefore, will affect only contract and general (army, navy and marine) hospitals in which disabled veterans are patients.
2. On receipt of a radio installation request, the requesting Legion post will be furnished a questionnaire and approval form for use in making specific non-technical recommendations regarding the hospital to be equipped. This questionnaire, filled in, must be approved by the post before being submitted to the Fund's board of trustees.
3. After the proposed installation has been approved by the trustees, a specifications form will be submitted to the post. The post, after consultation with the hospital authorities, will report in detail the nature and amount of supplies required for a complete radio installation. From this form the secretary of the board will place orders for supplies to be sent direct to the hospital.
4. The Fund may be spent for the purchase of radio equipment only. The cost of actual installation must be borne by the hospital. Incidentally, all expense of administering the Fund is borne by the Weekly. In many cases post members who are trained electrical technicians will doubtless be willing to contribute their services. Hospitals have governmental authority to call on technical experts of the nearest army post or naval station to assist in the installation.

Address all correspondence to the Secretary of the Board of Trustees, Sun-Roxy Radio Fund of The American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Taking the Safe Out of Safe Cracking

(Continued from page 8)

taken place in the two towns had they been organized on the vigilante plan. As obtaining in a State, that plan is this:

The volunteers are picked men in every community having a bank belonging to the state bankers' association. They are sworn in as deputy sheriffs in their respective counties, to act under the sheriff's orders and primarily in cases of attack on banks.

Take a look at the vigilantes in action.

Booneville, in Dallas County, Iowa, not far from Des Moines, is a town of 300. A few minutes after the Booneville Savings Bank, the only bank there, had opened on the morning of February 10th last, a car containing two white men and a Negro drove up in front. One of the white men and the Negro entered the bank.

C. C. Cook, the cashier, was at his home, which is so near that one can look from it right into the bank. His wife, seeing one of the men in the bank holding up his hands, called out to Mr. Cook. The latter is a vigilante, as well as president of his county bankers' association. Grabbing a sawed-off shotgun—which he kept just where he could put hand on it quickly and which was, as it should have been, loaded—he ran toward the bank. He stopped behind a tree, commanding the bank entrance.

The local vigilance committee was gathering by this time. From the shadows their guns barked out as the hold-up men worked in the bank. As they came out a bullet laid the white man low. The other white man surrendered also. The Negro got away, but was caught in the afternoon in the woods close to town.

It was a holdup that petered out completely.

The injured man recovered and is now in state prison, sentenced for life—which is Iowa's penalty for bank robbery.

There have been no bank attacks in Iowa since.

Promoted by the state bankers' association, the organization in each State is built up and perfected through the bankers' groups in the various counties. These obtain the co-operation of sheriffs and aid in suggesting prospects for special deputy service, the actual selection resting, of course, with the sheriffs themselves. In all States ex-service men are preferred.

"No trouble is found in getting service men to accept appointments. In addition to public spirit, they like a good rifle or revolver and are attracted by the kick of adventure which the position promises."

What about arming these large forces of special deputies? This phase of the plan involves no less than a form of co-operation by the War Department. Under established rules, the department will supply certain arms and ammunition to civilians at nominal cost. The vigilance organizations take advantage of this, thus insuring rem-

Here's a \$5,000 Job Looking for a Man!

It is ready for a man who is ambitious—who wants to get on in the world—who isn't satisfied just to make a living—who wants to feel that he can afford the many little pleasures and comforts which his present income doesn't permit.



A. H. Robey

Here's Your Chance!

If you are not making as much as \$5000 a year—if you are merely holding down just a job—in store, office or factory—if you are willing to follow instructions and to work—this job is looking for you.

To show you what this means, we quote just one out of hundreds of letters from our successful representatives. Mr. A. Robey, whose picture appears above, says:—"Four months ago I was employed as payroll clerk with a salary of \$175 per month; my commission on FYR-FYTER for last month was \$500."

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edy of a weakness that has impeded the fight against robber raids in the past, the scarcity of suitable firearms in most counties.

The War Department permits each member of the National Rifle Association, Washington, D. C., to buy from its stores one rifle and one revolver. Each county bankers' association will pay for memberships, at two dollars each, for all its special deputies and for the arms to be ordered through these memberships. Minnesota, for instance, purposes to buy from the government for each ranger:

One Krag carbine (short rifle) .30 cal., Model 1898, (5 shot, weight 8 lbs., 22-inch barrel) at \$4.00;

One .45 cal., Model 1917, Colt revolver at \$15, or one .45 cal., Model 1917, Smith & Wesson revolver at \$16.65 (two cartridge clips with either).

Sawed-off shotguns in place of rifles may be furnished in some cases. These are not sold by the Government. In some parts of Iowa, county commissioners purchase or contribute toward the purchase of equipment.

Offers of rewards for taking of robbers or burglars "dead or alive" figure in the plan in all the States, funds being raised by assessing member banks. One thousand dollars for each man killed or captured in the act is the usual reward offered, with smaller sums for arrest, or information leading to arrest, after escape following commission.

Rewards are paid for the co-operation of telephone and telegraph operators—good-sized ones for the operator who is first to notify the sheriff or an officer of a local squad where a bank attack is being made, and smaller amounts for outside operators who pass the word on to still other towns.

Because of the practice of night raiders to "cut the talk"—communication wires—on entering a town, it is suggested that a bell wire be strung from the exchange to residences of squad members, by which they might be reached regardless of cutting of trunk lines. Squads will carry field signal telephone sets for tapping wires outside the "cut-over" area. Radio stations in some sections have agreed to broadcast alarms on request of the authorities and some have done so.

When a sheriff gets word of a robbery or a burglary, his first move is to order out the local squad. He then notifies telephone operators to reach squads in communities around, so that they may get their cars out and patrol the roads; all cars are to be stopped and all occupants made to give an account of themselves. Instruction is given squads in barricading roads.

In a few minutes, squads in a radius of fifty or more miles may be out on all the main highways, watching for the escaping yeggs. Special automobiles, built for pursuit work, will be furnished the squads; in some parts of Iowa even armored cars are in use.

The signal system includes, as well, such devices as special whistles by which squads may communicate with one another, colored spotlights to insure against one squad's firing on another, and a code of private passwords, both challenge and answer.

As to the benefits of the old vigilance bodies, they certainly rid their communities of many desperadoes by either execution or banishment, threw such fear into such as were left that they ceased their depredations, kept their ilk from coming from other States into areas so controlled and gave a sense of security to the law-and-order citizenry.

The modern vigilantes—town guards, county rangers, special deputy sheriffs—are out to serve much the same purpose. It is reasonable to expect that States now organizing such aids will be as successful as Iowa has been, and that yegg enterprise will be driven to States less well protected. This will have its effect on them. Perhaps we are to have a yegg-proof nation in the near future.

The essence of the whole scheme is that of the National Defense Act, preparedness—picked and trained men, known duties, leadership, adequate equipment, advance planning.

Its future? It is admittedly a makeshift, made necessary by conditions, but at the same time savoring of a stretching of police power. It may pave the way to some permanent form of resistance to robbery that will be more directly within the constituted order. Whether that points to state constabularies or to what, one does not hazard a guess. The fight against the modern bandit is still in the formative stage.

Sounding Brass

(Continued from page 5)

was apt to be the cruel fate of most of its buglers, instead of one, to rout themselves out and sound "Reveille". If only one had been tooting away in front of headquarters, the outlying billetters would have gone on sleeping sweetly.

One little group of wilful windjammers got up the neat scheme of having only one of them get up. That nominee would sound off in one place and then mount the company bike and go pedaling hell-bent for the next station and so on. Of course it wasn't what you might call synchronization but they got away with it for a while. The style was cramped by the inevitable clever kid who found he could bugle while riding his bicycle. The Colonel caught on when "Reveille" got to developing such a blame quick fadeaway.

Up on the line buglers were unbugled, as it were. They left their lit-

tle horns back in the baggage dump and were turned into runners or worse. Many of them sadly reflected that they would never profess a talent for music again. Certainly "them was the sentiments" of the martyr who was detailed to be nurse to a carrier pigeon.

That unfortunate suffered miserably from the jibes of his comrades. Undoubtedly it did not look very martial to be running around with a bird cage, and whistles, remarks about bird seed and birdie's bath were his daily lot. The unfeeling mob urged him that if Dick didn't begin to sing soon he ought to be turned back into the store and a refund demanded. Then came the show which saw the company of the burdened bugler neatly box-barraged in the wreck of a village, cooped up in there without rations or relief for two days. Instead of lightening up, it got hotter.

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Numerous Legionnaire References

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A counter-attack seemed imminent. No runner could get through that barrage. Very lights were indistinguishable in the general fireworks. The captain yelled for "that man with the carrier pigeon". And out from a cellar stumbled that martyred bugler. His mouth was full and he was picking the bones of what is known on the menus as "Roast Philadelphia Squab".

Well, it's peaceful now and we are reducing taxes, which is fair enough, though it would be better if more came out of the pork barrel quota and less out of the Army. The Army is being shrunk and maybe it soon will be able to get on with just a few buglers who will broadcast their stuff over the radio.

Just think of having the opportunity of being able to tune out at will!

TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this department. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

CARL A. ABRAHAMSON, Codington County Post, Watertown, S. D. D. Sept. 15. Served with Co. A, 26th Bn., U. S. Guards.

J. S. BASSETT, William D. Marton Post, Sandpoint, Idaho. Drowned, Aug. 9, aged 29. Served with 330th Supply Co., Q. M. C.

LEO E. BERNSTEIN, Tank Corps Post, New York City. D. at U. S. V. B. Hosp. 81, New York, Aug. 29. Served with Co. B, 326th Bn., Tank Corps.

BENJAMIN F. CLARK, Freeport (Ill.) Post. D. Sept. 18. Served on U. S. S. Arkansas and U. S. S. Florida.

THOMAS C. DAVIS, Burton-Murphy-Popham Post, Minneapolis, Kas. D. Sept. 2, aged 26. Served with Co. G, 137th Inf., and Co. C, 110th F. S. Bn.

BARTLETT J. GRAFF, Leo Van Roy Post, Darby, Wis. D. Aug. 29, aged 37. Served with Co. B, 311th Ammn. Tr.

EDWARD D. GREENLEE, Hurley Lee Spicer Post, Harrisonville, Mo. D. Aug. 29, aged 38. Served with Q. M. C. at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.

HOWARD J. HARRIS, Louis J. Boland Post, Buffalo, N. Y. Killed in auto accident, Sept. 11, aged 28. Served in Btty. F, 106th F. A.

CHARLES O. HUSTON, Paris (France) Post. D. at Nice, France, July 3, aged 36. Served with 301st M. P. C., D. C. I.

H. P. JEFFERSON, Clay Kiser Post, Redfield, S. D. D. Apr. 22, aged 38. Served with Q. M. C. JOHN W. KELLEY, Benjamin E. Smith Post, Gardiner, Me. D. Sept. 6. Served in Navy at Newport, R. I., and New London, Conn.

HARRY T. MAGILL, Jr., S. W. Mullenst Post, Hillsboro, O. Murdered, Jan. 20, aged 30. Served in A. S. at Kelly Field.

BRUCE A. McCracken, Frank W. Sidley Post, Danville, Pa. D. Sept. 14, aged 43. Capt., Inf.

ROBERT E. McDONALD, Paris (France) Post. D. at Saint-Barthelemy, France, Aug. 15, aged 30. Lieut., 23d Inf., 2d Div.

DOUGLAS H. McKoy, Wilmington (N. C.) Post. D. at National Sanatorium, Tenn., Aug. 21, aged 31. Served with 5th Anti-Aircraft, C. A. C., brigaded with French, Verdun Sector.

PAUL MCMAHON, Freckberg Post, Houtzdale, Pa. D. Aug. 28, aged 38. Served at Camp Lee, Va.

CHARLIE G. MORRISON, Codington County Post, Watertown, S. D. Killed in auto accident, Sept. 7. Served with Co. I, 48th Inf.

CLAIRE NELSON, Rainier Noble Post, Seattle, Wash. D. May 19. Served in Army Nurse Corps.

JOHN F. RALPH, Brooklyn Marine Corps Post, Brooklyn, N. Y. D. July 16. Served in U. S. M. C.

CLYDE L. SEED, Captain Edgar Dale Post, El Dorado, Kas. D. Aug. 22, aged 34. Served with Co. A, 353d Inf., 89th Div.

CHARLES N. STOTTS, Rainier Noble Post, Seattle, Wash. D. June 24. Served in Army.

ROBERT J. WAGER, Chatham (N. Y.) Post. D. at St. Peter's Hospital, Albany, N. Y., Sept. 15. Served with Btty. D, 321st F. A.

RAY B. WALTER, Paris (France) Post. Killed in auto accident, May 31, aged 30. Lieut. in A. E. F.

WILLIAM C. WOOLARD, Hurley Lee Spicer Post, Harrisonville, Mo. D. Sept. 7, aged 30. Served in A. E. F.

A signal of trouble— tender and bleeding gums



FOR THE GUMS

BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT

FORMULA OF

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AS the soil nourishes the tree-roots the gums nourish the teeth. And as the tree decays if you bare the tree-roots, so do the teeth decay if the gums shrink down from the tooth-base.

This condition is common. It is known as Pyorrhea. **Four out of five** people who are over forty suffer from it. Ordinary tooth-pastes will not prevent it.

Forhan's Preparation **does** prevent it if used in time and used consistently. So Forhan's protects the tooth at the tooth-base which is unprotected by enamel.

On top of this Forhan's preserves gums in their pink, normal, vital condition. Use it daily and their firm tissue-structure will vigorously support the teeth. They will not loosen. Neither will the mouth prematurely flatten through receding gums. Further, your gums will neither tender-up nor bleed. Gums and teeth alike will be sounder, and your teeth will be scientifically polished, too.

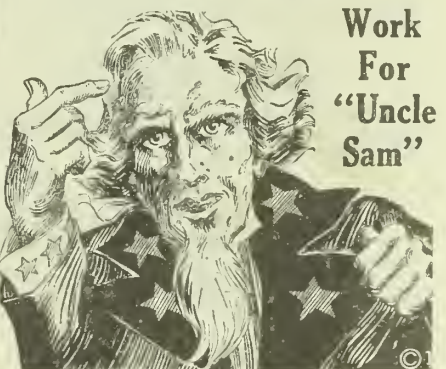
If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address American Legion Weekly, Indianapolis, Ind.

Unreasonable Brute

"So, ye've left yer husband, Mrs. Blobbs?"

"Yes, the dirty tramp, there's no livin' wit' a man like that. He up an' raises old ned just because I loaned one of his shirts to me escort who was takin' me to th' dance."

Anyhow, It Was Lost

[Ad in *Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier*]

LOST—Five-dollar Gold Piece on St. Philip, Liberty, or on King between Liberty and Morris, or on King St. car, or Star Restaurant.

Help Wanted

"Help! Help!" yelled the fat man, struggling in the water.

"All right, old man," shouted the advertising solicitor, jumping up from the park bench, "how about a few lines in the want column?"

Swat Saving

[*Oklahoma News*]

A police captain stood at his elbow, perspiring in his heavy uniform. Flies drowned.

Working Under Difficulties

"Come here, Si, and lift this stove over."
"You know I can't lift much, Mirandy, for I ain't got no teeth to grit."

Everlasting Pains

[*New Prague (Minn.) Times*]

James _____, a former resident of Jordan, died of pneumonia at his home in San Francisco, Cal., last week. His body was cremated at his home there. Following cremation, the ashes were brought to Jordan for interment.

Complaint

"I'm not in favor of all these statistics," objected the pessimist.

"Why not?"

"Because it makes my wife ask why I'm not an average man, with \$394.65 in the bank and an income of \$57.50."

"From the Neck Down"

[*Roanoke (Va.) Times*]

Lieutenant Gwyn, in the second seat, was in the water also unconscious up to his chin when taken out.

Of Course

"I suppose," supposed Tot, "that when your rich aunt comes to New York you'll see that she's properly entertained."

"You bet," answered Dot. "She'll get the best entertainment her money can buy."

Why Not Buy a New Pair?

[*Memphis News Scimitar*]

ROOM MATE wanted by congenial young man; southeastern exposure.

Oh, the Villian!

[*Rockland (Me.) Courier-Gazette*]

Sneak thieves of the very meanest variety entered the boarding house of the Adventist Campground of this place sometime since the last session of the camp-meeting and rifled the crockery chest of nearly three dollars worth of dishes that the Ladies Aid have been some fifteen years in accumulating. These dishes were carefully packed away in a chest constructed

ed for this purpose and securely locked, but the villian not only broke into the building but wrenched the lock from the chest and got the whole contents, also the contents of several cottages. A graveyard thief should be deemed a prince beside the villian who did this.

The Emotional Sedan

[*Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Republican*]

A driverless automobile zigzagged through heavy Fifth avenue traffic, to the amazement of both pedestrians and the rear of a sedan.

You Know the Proverb

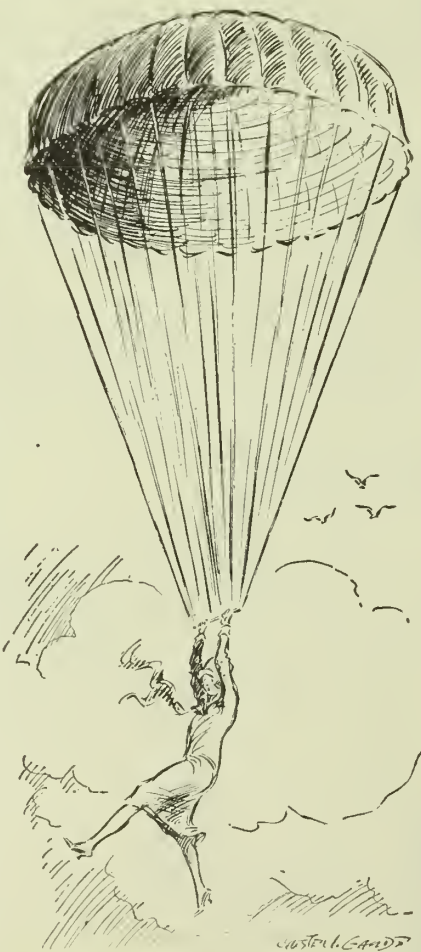
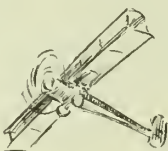
Hewitt: "He is a man of good intentions."

Jewett: "Yes; he has an exceptionally large assortment of hell pavement."

Dashing Through the Corridors

[*From the Sedalia (Mo.) Republican*]

Hale T. Bush was fined \$10 when he was found guilty of a charge of speeding in police court yesterday evening.



The little girl who used to walk home from joy rides

The Last Laugh

"What a peculiar looking carpet that is under the elephant," remarked a visitor to the circus.

"That's no carpet," corrected the elephant's keeper. "That's the man that gave the elephant a cbew of tobacco."

A Painful Subject

[*Pittsburgh Gazette Times*]

He sang a number of operating selections and ballads for the President and Mrs. Coolidge.

Yea, Bo!

Put me down in some old café,

By the side of a rain-drenched road,
With the francs to pay in a soldier's way
And a stomach for any load.

I'd like to be where the buuch has been
In the days we used to know,
Where it wasn't a sin to driuk your vin
And the mademoiselles weren't slow.

Just take me back where Madame goes by

With the clatter of wooden shoes,

Where the shadows fly when hope is high,

And gone are the lonesome blues.

I'd like to hear those songs again

That swell when buddies meet,

The songs of men who dared, and then

I'd come back home toot sweet.

—Vance C. Criss.

A Rush on the Bath

[*Circular from Asbury Beach, N. J.*]

An invitation opening was given on Tuesday night with many celebrities from all over the State in attendance. Wednesday the structure opened its doors to a capacity house which filled the four hundred rooms and bath.

Shock

"So you called on your girl without giving her warning. Was it a surprise?"

"I'll say so. I was never so surprised in my life."

Flying Fish, Perhaps

[*Omaha World Herald*]

Nearly a hundred members and their families attended a fish fry of the chapter of Izaak Waltons here Sunday. The fry was a result of a crow shoot between two teams of local hunters.

An Utter Stranger

A man who had slipped in a few minutes late to a funeral was obviously nervous during the minister's eulogy of the departed. Finally, turning to a neighbor, he whispered:

"Hey, is this George Q. Billings's funeral?"

"Certainly. Why?"

"Well, that fellow the preacher's talking about wasn't Billings."

A Sterling Young Man

The Book of Etiquette he knew—

(Sent C. O. D., \$1.92)—

He knew which fork to use, what table chatter;

And Fifteen Minutes every day

He did not waste in worthless play—

The Five Foot Shelf provided reading matter.

By day he figured on his stool;

By night the Correspondence School

Engaged his efforts, which the Boss well noted—

And sure enough, before a year

Was up, he'd ceased to be a mere

Subordinate, for he had been promoted.

His teeth? O. K.—the "one in five";

His Daily Dozen made him thrive—

Of halitosis he was not a victim.

His Staycombed hair looked just like Val-

entino's, but, alas! the gal

He wished to wed—she somehow never

picked him!

—Mabel Rice Gardner.

Last Chance!



Magazine Prices Reduced

We offer you this opportunity to get your favorite magazines at greatly reduced prices. The publishers have agreed to accept orders for subscriptions from members of the *Legion* and the *Auxiliary* at these prices until November 10th only. Make your choice now. Subscriptions may be new, renewals or extensions.

The *Legion Subscription Service* is operated by *The American Legion* and will handle your order promptly. Every *Legionnaire* and his friends should send all orders for magazine subscriptions to the *Legion's* own magazine agency. You save money and at the same time help along the *Legion's* good work.

SELECT Desired MAGAZINES and Send Order BEFORE NOV. 10th

Cosmopolitan	Reg. Price	Our Price
with Good Housekeeping*	\$6.00	\$5.00
with Smart Set*	6.00	5.25
with Golden Book*	6.00	5.00
with Red Book	6.00	5.00
with Review of Reviews*	7.00	5.00
with American	5.50	5.00
with Harper's Magazine	7.00	6.00

Good Housekeeping	Reg. Price	Our Price
with Cosmopolitan*	\$6.00	\$5.00
with Harper's Bazar*	7.00	5.75
with American	5.50	5.50
with Country Life	8.00	7.50
with Golden Book*	6.00	5.25
with Harper's Magazine	7.00	6.50
with Child Life	6.00	5.50
with Garden Magazine	6.00	5.75

Christian Herald	Reg. Price	Our Price
with Good Housekeeping	\$5.00	\$4.50
with Harper's Magazine	6.00	5.00
with Modern Priscilla	4.00	2.75
with People's Home Journal	3.00	2.10
with People's Home Journal and McCall's	4.00	2.90
with Pictorial Review	3.50	2.65
with Popular Science Monthly	4.50	4.00
with Youth's Companion	4.00	3.25

Harper's Bazar	Reg. Price	Our Price
with Cosmopolitan*	\$7.00	\$5.75
with Good Housekeeping*	7.00	5.75
with Cosmopolitan and Good Housekeeping*	10.00	8.25
with Harper's Magazine	8.00	7.50
with Vogue	9.00	8.50
with Woman's Home Companion and American*	8.00	7.25
with Theatre	8.00	7.75

MoToR Boating	Reg. Price	Our Price
with Cosmopolitan*	\$6.00	\$5.25
with Good Housekeeping*	6.00	5.25
with Harper's Bazar*	7.00	5.75
with Country Life	8.00	7.50

*Publishers require that magazines in this club must go to one address.

Red Book Magazine	Reg. Price	Our Price
with American Magazine	\$5.50	\$5.00
with Collier's, The National Weekly	5.00	4.25
with Woman's Home Companion	4.50	4.00
with Cosmopolitan	6.00	5.50
with McCall's Magazine	4.00	3.50

Modern Priscilla	Reg. Price	Our Price
with Cosmopolitan	\$5.00	\$4.25
with Good Housekeeping	5.00	4.75
with People's Home Journal	3.00	2.30
with Pictorial Review	3.50	2.60
with Popular Science Monthly	4.50	4.25
with Youth's Companion	4.50	3.00

International Studio	Reg. Price	Our Price
with Cosmopolitan*	\$9.00	\$7.00
with Good Housekeeping*	9.00	7.00
with Harper's Bazar	10.00	7.50
with Arts & Decoration	12.00	11.00

McCall's Magazine	Reg. Price	Our Price
with Modern Priscilla	\$3.00	\$2.30
with People's Home Journal	2.00	1.50
with People's Home Journal and Modern Priscilla	4.00	2.75
with Popular Science Monthly	3.50	3.50
with Youth's Companion	3.00	2.50

American Magazine	Reg. Price	Our Price
with Collier's Weekly*	\$4.50	\$3.75
with Cosmopolitan	5.50	5.00
with Harper's Magazine	6.50	6.00
with People's Home Journal	3.50	3.30
with Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.00
with Woman's Home Companion*	4.00	3.25
with Woman's Home Companion and Collier's Weekly*	6.00	5.00

Smart Set	Reg. Price	Our Price
with Cosmopolitan*	\$6.00	\$5.25
with Good Housekeeping*	6.00	5.25
with Cosmopolitan and Good Housekeeping*	9.00	7.50
with Red Book	6.00	5.00
with McCall's Magazine	4.00	3.50

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A Stylish, Long Wearing Suit

Now read this carefully. Get it! On the right is a picture of a suit of clothes. It's a good suit of clothes—stylish—good looking. It fits. It holds its shape. The pattern is excellent. Thousands of men in your locality need this new, modern, sensible, low priced suit.

Wears Like Iron!

Listen! The treatment this suit will stand is almost unbelievable. It is made entirely of a special cloth that is amazingly strong, durable, tough and long-wearing. It is unaffected by treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit.

Tremendous Demand

And now we're making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thou-

sands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit.

And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives.

The result is amazing. It brings this suit to the wearer at a price that is revolutionary—a price that everyone can afford to pay—a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

AN AMAZING SUIT FOR ONLY \$12.50

Think. \$12.50 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. A million suits a year is our objective. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn \$30 or \$40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make \$1000 a

month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you.

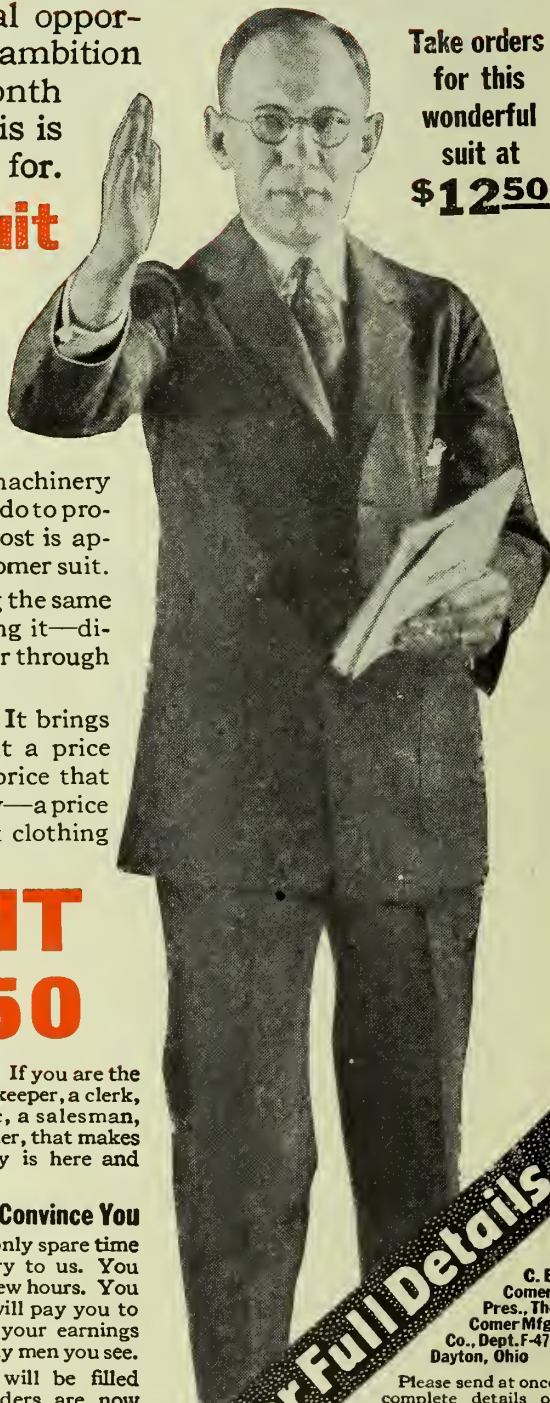
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If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory to us. You can earn \$10 to \$20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you see.

WRITE TODAY Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete descriptions, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

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Take orders
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wonderful
suit at
\$12.50



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Please send at once complete details of your new \$12.50 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as \$1000 a month. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

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